

NORTHERN TRIBUNE.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS HARDER THAN WORK.

"There are many things harder than work in the world,"

My father would say to me oft;

And a man is less able to bear sorrow's load

When his muscles are feeble and soft.

The man who first fails in the season of grief

Is the man who will falter and shrink.

You will find, as you go through the troubles of life,

There are many things harder than work."

I thought, as a boy, when my mates were at play,

That my task was most grievous to bear;

But, oh, how much harder I have found it

Since then.

To struggle with worry and care!

For toil is made sweet by the hope of reward,

But dangers in idleness lurk;

And he who has sought, and not found it, well

Knows.

There are many things harder than work.

The rich man, whose millions can buy him relief,

From ceaseless and wearisome toil,

Finds many a woe in unoccupied time

His idle enjoyment to spoil.

He knows that a sorrow may gnaw at his heart,

Though cyphants fatter and smirk;

And he often admits to himself, with a sigh,

There are many things harder than work.

My father was wise, and he told me the truth—

The truth that applies to us all;

For labor has blessings that come in the end

Alike to the great and the small.

Go ask of the workman who honestly plods:

Go ask of the merchant or clerk,

And each one will tell you the lesson he's learned:

There are many things harder than work.

—N. Y. Ledger.

RICH JIM, OF BOTTOM CARD.

Yer say yer'd like to hear somethin' 'bout my 'sperience in ther diggin's, boys? Did I ever tell yer that story 'bout Rich Jim, o' Bottom Card, an' his racket with Curly Jake? No? Well, I'll tell yer that story.

Yer see his real name was Richard James, but ther first man he struck in ther mines shortened up ther tail end o' his name from James ter Jim, an' chopped off a piece o' his front name and called him Rich Jim.

Wall, yer see, some one had struck it rich at Bottom Card a few months afore, an' all o' us old pilgrims an' 'er good sprinkl'n o' tenderfoots hed rushed in ther an' staked our claims, and things war goin' on kinder flourishin'.

Wimmin' o' ther right stripe war a mighty skeerce article in them diggin's, an' yer kin jedge how we war all tore up one evenin' as ther stage drawed up at ther shanty called ther "Top Card," an' a leetle wimin with a leetle curly-hair'd younker, 'bout three or four years old, clumb out an' went inter ther hotel. I walked inter ther bar-room after supper, an' Doc Means, ther boss o' ther place, war standin' 'mong a lot o' the boys at ther end o' ther bar, an', as I come up, he war jist sayin':

"I tell yer boys, I war most mighty sorry fer ther leetle wimin, when I told her I'd never heard o' any one in these parts by ther name. She sed they'd all lived with her mother in ther East some whar, an' ther old woman an' her man hed hed er fallin' out somehow 'bout three years ergo when her kid war six months old, an' as she wouldn't leave ther old lady, he'd left her. She heerd some way or 'nother that he war out here at Bottom Card, an' as her old mother kicked ther bucket a few months ago, she hunt' rest till she came out here ter hunt the old man up. She kinder broke down and the water come ter her eyes when she found I couldn't put her on ther trail o' her man, an' it kinder broke me up, too. Yer kin take me fur a string-halted tenderfoot, boys, ef I wouldn't ante up my pile fur a leetle wimin an' a kid like them ar'. I calkerlate she ain't got any too much o' ther dust, either, an' I believes it'd be ther squar' thing if I war ter raise a leetle 'mong ther boys to help her 'long."

"K'rect; now yer talkin' sense," a feller by ther name o' Curly Jake chipped in. He war one o' ther rougher men in ther camp, but he hed er heart in 'im bigger'n an ox, an' takin' off his hat he dropped in a twenty-dollar gold piece.

"I'll see thet, an' go one better," says Doc Means, as he tossed in a couple o' twenties.

"I can't quite see yer, boys, but here goes ther only bird I've got left," says Curly Jake, as he chucked in a shining eagle.

Curly Jake passed 'round the room an' the boys throwed in purty lib'ral 'till he come ter a man who war settin' with his head restin' on his hands at a table right side ther open door, thet led inter ther hall which communicated with ther dinin'-room. Curly slapped him on ther back in a kinder friendly, jokey way, an' says: "Rich Jim, we wants yer ter help us on er purse we're raisin' fur a 'er wimin thet's in need."

Rich Jim looked up sullen like, an' says awful short an' gruff: "I ain't got anythin' ter give."

"But this 'ere's er lady," says Curly, kinder insistin' like.

"Oh, git out, an' don't bother me," Rich Jim answers, quick like an' savage as ther mischief.

Curly's eyes flashed mighty wicked, as drawin' himself up an' throwin' all ther scorn an' contempt he could inter his voice, he says: "Er man thet's struck it as rich as yer hed lately, an' then'll refuse ter put up er leetle dust ter help er wimin thet's in distress, ain't got er heart in 'im as big as er muskeeter."

"What's thet yer say," says Rich Jim, springin' ter his feet with a hull string o' cuss words, an' him an' Curly begin drawin' ther shootin' irons.

Jist then war hearin' ther patter o' leetle feet on the floor o' ther hall leadin' ter ther bar room, an' a wimin's voice sayin': "Come, my darlin', yer must not go in ther," an' ther next instant, with a scream o' childish joy an' mischief, a leetle chubby-faced, curly-hair'd boy run inter ther room, an' rushin' ter whar Rich Jim war standin' throwed his arms 'round his legs an' laughin' like it war lots o' fun ter git away from his mother, he hid his face ergin Jim's knees.

I tell yer boys ef an' angel hed come squar down from He'ven us fellers thar in ther bar room couldn't er been more took back than we war at ther sight o' that leetle codger. It'd a done yer hearts good, boys, ter have seen him and hearn him talk. Rich Jim he jist laid his shootin' iron on ther table without glancin' at Curly, an' his face war as gentle as a wimin's as, stoopin' down, he laid his big rough hand soft like on ther curly hair o' ther leetle feller, an' says in a kinder tremblin' voice: "What does yer want, my leetle man?"

Ther younker looked up inter his face, an' seein' it war kinder softened up, his leetle heart seemed ter go right out ter him, an' he answered brave as yer please:

"I wants my paper. Mamer said my paper war here."

"Who is yer paper?" says Rich Jim, bendin' down an' raisin' him inter his arms.

"My paper's mamer's paper. Is yer my paper?"

"I guess not, my leetle feller," says Rich Jim, ther water comin' ter his eyes, as ef the words hed brung somethin' ter his mind thet touched a soft spot. "I wish I war yer paper."

"Won't yer be yer paper? I likes yer," ther leetle one said, patten' his face easy an' tender-like, with his leetle chubby hands.

"Does yer?" Rich Jim says.

"Yes, I does, an' I likes mamer, too," says ther leetle chap. "Don't you want me ter tiss yer, des like I tisses mamer?"

"Yes, ef yer will," Rich Jim says, in er kinder pleadin' way.

"I tiss mamer hull many lots er times, an' love her, too, free bushels; an' I'll tiss yer hull many lots a times, too."

An' ther affeshernate leetle creature throwed his arms tight 'round Jim's neck an' kissed him about a dozen times.

While he war still er kissin' Rich Jim, a leetle wimin with a sweet, sad-lookin' face glided inter ther room kinder skeery like, an' says: "Come Richy, dear; come ter mamer, now."

At ther sound o' her voice, Rich Jim turned 'round white as ther driven snow, an' jist give one look, an' then, in er voice quiverin' with feelin', an' in which ther war a world o' love an' tender pleadin', said jist ther one word, "Nellie."

She gin a start an' a little scream, an' weaved back'ards an' for'ards like she war goin' ter fall, an' then with ther joyful cry, "Oh, Richard, my husband, I've found yer at last!" she darted for'ard inter his arms, an' cuddled her purty leetle head down onter his breast like she war parfec'y satersfied.

Arter ther feelin's hed cooled down a bit, Rich Jim looks up at Curly, who war standin' as ef rooted ter ther floor, with his shootin' iron all cocked an' ready fur biz, an' holdin' out his hand, says: "I acted ther dirty dog with yer, Curly. Won't yer put her thar an' call it squar?"

"Don't say ernother word erbout it," says Curly Jake, layin' his pop down on ther table 'side ther other one, an' takin' hold o' his hand. "It's all squar with me. But ef yer ain't got no objections it'd tickle me er heap o' yer'd low me ter kiss ther leetle kid once."

"Sartinly, Curly," Rich Jim says, an' holdin' ther leetle feller, at his dad's request, he give Curly er smack squar on ther mouth. "An' ther leetle wimin'll give yer one, too, Curly, Nellie."

he says, turnin' ter his wife, "give this friend o' mine a kiss, won't yer? He's been er good friend o' your'n, too."

An' Nellie, kinder meek like, raisin' her head, blushin'ly pressed er kiss on Curly's rough face.

As Curly drawed himself back, lookin' awful happy, but kinder shamed like an' colorin' all over his face, he remarks:

"I'll be darned ef yer ain't struck it, Rich Jim."

Thet's ther story, boys. Ther might-ther been somethin' interestin' happened arterwards, but we lickered up so per-fuse-like arter thet, in drinkin' ter ther health o' Big Rich, and Leetle Rich, an' Mrs. Rich Jim, ther proceedin's followin' didn't stay by me like the others did.—Detroit Free Press.

That Great Red Spot.

Astronomers are speculating as to the meaning of the great red spot recently seen on the surface of the planet Jupiter. It is computed to be thirty thousand miles long by six to eight thousand miles wide. The matter has been discussed at the various meetings of scientists in this country and Europe, and the general impression seems to be that by some commotion, a portion of the atmosphere of the planet has been temporarily dissipated, thus showing a section of its surface. The opinion has long prevailed that Jupiter is yet a huge molten mass, which is gradually cooling off, and which, in countless ages, may develop land and water, and, in time, life, similar to that now existing on this globe. Speculations about the distant planets are very fascinating to students of astronomy, but as yet the facts in our possession are very few.

So far as discovered, however, while life, as we know it, probably exists on Venus and Mars, there is no trace of it in Jupiter, Saturn and the other mighty planets still more distant from the sun.—Demorest's Monthly.

Fashion Notes.

Faceted pearls are much used upon upright collars of silk evening toilets.

New fancy grenadines are heavily brocaded, and closely resemble brocaded silks and satins.

In straw hats and bonnets the color of crushed raspberry is produced in delicate shades closely resembling periwinkle pink.

Sultan is the name of a new dark red; pensee rouge an odd shade of purple; and vert clair is another peculiar tint added to the long list of greens.

Double or single pipings of satin, in white and colors, braided in floral designs and deep-pointed edges, are used as headings to other trimmings upon dinner and carriage costumes.

It is quite the fashion for ladies who have a fancy for doing their own dress-making to go to a fashionable dress-maker, or, better still, to an "artist" who undertakes the construction of "tailor-made" dresses, and have what is termed a "permanent pattern"—i. e., a bodice of thick linen cut to the exact measurement of the form and fitted perfectly. This bodice is then all taken apart, ready to serve as a pattern for all future corsages.

The mania for braiding dresses, and, for that matter, for braiding of every description, seems to be greater than ever. It appears strange that no simple fashion can be adopted without being carried to extremes and hackneyed within three months. Braiding and beading both look well if used sparingly; but an entire dress running over with ornamental vines and leaves, berries, bugs, birds, and blossoms put on indiscriminately from throat to skirt—hem is a sight to see, and is in utterly bad taste.

Mourning dresses still sparkle with jets, and many of the richest-looking new spring mantles are literally covered with applique and embroideries in silk and jet. Jetted gimps are used in combination with elegant jet fringes and pendant ornaments and cords. Some of the new velvet gauds have large raised flowers outlined with jet, but it is doubtful if this is an improvement. It certainly impairs the soft effect which is the greatest attraction for this handsome material, newly imported for mantles and overdresses.

Among the list of summer fabrics are pale colored linens, silk gauzes, satens, exquisitely tinted veillings, delicate French muslins, French foulards, always popular in Paris, Louisine silks, French organdies, cambrics, and lawns, in all the beautiful new shades. There are also novel Pekin gauzes, with colored velvet and satin figures upon a diaphanous ground, and lovely tinted muslins, quite in the jardiniere style, to be made up for lawn parties, a la shepherdess, with Watteau drapery, and lace and ribbon by the league, cascaded all over the dress.

Ribbons lined with colored satin are much used as strings, and are found very useful and effective for the "ribbon roses" employed as trimming upon many bonnets, instead of flowers or feathers. The colors of the two sides of the ribbon must harmonize well, or the good effect is lost. Sapphire blue and silver, cloud blue and primrose, ruby and pale pink, Russian green and ecru, and violet and pale mauve go admirably together. Black lined with golden yellow, coral, or crimson makes effective roses, as do also green plush ribbons faced with cherry, giving the effect here of a nest of mosses.

Very wide cape collars, after the style of those worn by children, but made of richer laces, are found so dressy and becoming that they are now worn by ladies with even simple, everyday costumes. With deep cuffs to match, collars, in fact, have become a very important feature of the toilet. There are first the artistic Medici collars, covered and edged with pearl or jet beads; then there are military collars adorned with gold braid or embroidery; following these are Vandykes, Abbe Galants, Stuart, and nuns' collars, the last-named style being for mourning wear, of cambric, with finely stitched hems.

A new and very rich material for wedding or reception toilets is Ottoman velvet, plain or embossed, on a silk ground. This fabric comes in most exquisite evening shades of pale cameo, cream white, turquoise blue, Persian mauve with both pink and silver in its sheen, and hedge-rose pink; and also in dark shades for dinner or carriage dress, in olive, myrtle green, golden brown, nuns' gray, amber, royal blue, and old gold. Another very handsome novelty is silk gauze with Chine patterns stamped upon it in very subdued tones, the designs being borrowed from ancient Gobelin tapestries and other Oriental tissues.

The ruchoe still gains ground, especially the chicoree and shell-plaited styles, which are very much used in every width for short dresses, and for trained robes it is now put all the way around the bottom of the skirt in crenado or diminuendo fashion, to suit the style of the train or the fancy of the wearer. Very narrow chicoree ruches are used as edgings to cut out borders or headings to lace ruffles, and are very effective on tinted silk or satin evening dresses, the sole trimmings of many very beautiful dresses consisting of fringed ruches very wide for the skirt edge and narrower for the bodice and tunic, and pleated up so thickly and closely as to give the fringed ruchoe all the soft, downy effect of feather trimming.—N. Y. Evening Post.

—A corpse of a man was found on the road between San Francisco and Pueblo, San Jose. To the button-hole of his coat was tied a tag bearing this inscription: "I shot him because he stole my mule. John Andrew Anderson." Anderson Rancho, Santa Clara Valley.

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LAND OFFICE AT REED CITY, MICH.

March 30th, 1883.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claim and final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the circuit court of Cheboygan county, Mich., at the county seat, on Monday, the 7th day of May 1883, viz: Christopher C. Lang, Homestead entry No. 8499 for the w 1/4 of n 1/4, w 1/4 of s 1/4 of s 1/4, section 1, town 36 n., range 3 w., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: Wm. N. Cross, of Topinabee p. o., and Jonathan Buff of Topinabee p. o., and John Dawson, of Cheboygan p. o., and Thomas Crump of Cheboygan p. o.

Jonathan Buff, Homestead entry No. 8539 for the s 1/4 of n 1/4, section 13, in town 36 n., range 3 w., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: William N. Cross, of Topinabee p. o., and Christopher C. Lang, of Cheboygan p. o., and John Dawson, of Cheboygan p. o., and Thomas Crump, of Cheboygan p. o., and Edward Stevenson, Register.

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